

The Saturday News

Vol. III

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1908

No. 48

NOTE AND COMMENT

The male citizens of Toronto have an interesting time before them if we are to judge from the following news item which appeared in the Globe the other day:

"Every man in Toronto will have to wear a tag on Saturday, November 14. He must buy the tag. It will be the price of peace. Without it there will be no peace. Three thousand girls—pretty girls—will be turned loose in the streets of the city on the appointed day and will seek whom they may tag. In little groups of ten and twenty, chaperoned by older ladies, the girls will go through the streets into the fifty-one different districts planned out. If you do not buy a tag from the first one you meet you will be bothered by scores of others. Pay anything you like for it. Stick your money in the 'tag box' and let the fair one pin the navy blue, pale blue and white decoration on your lapel. But submit to the inevitable."

"The Young Women's Christian Guild in Toronto wants a new gymnasium for the girls. They are mostly business girls, and the 'gym' means better health to them and a good place to spend an evening. They want a swimming tank. They have not got the money for it themselves, so the organization has resorted to the 'tag day' scheme and the three thousand fair demiselles."

The situation will not be an easy one to deal with. One in which a woman is the aggressor never is. The average man will yield and inwardly indulge in the equivalent of the choicest profanity. Methods, such as the young ladies who want a swimming bath in which to disport themselves are resorting to, are fortunately somewhat rare. But they are simply an extreme application of a system which is practically universal, which is wrong in principle and which causes endless annoyance and hardship. Men and women are on every hand, in cities great and villages small, importuned to subscribe to public objects with which they have no sympathy. Even if they have sympathy with them, they are very frequently not in a position to render the financial assistance that is requested. They may be struggling under a load of debt. They may be cherishing ambitions, for the realization of which it is necessary for them to put aside what money they can from their weekly expenses. But a polite refusal does not rid them of the energetic canvasser. It is usually some one who is in a position to do the intended victim some harm, in business and in other ways, and the request very frequently approaches blackmail. How serious the evil is those who are closely acquainted with business know. There are many merchants who have been forced to the wall by it, for which not a few of the readers of this article can vouch.

Is it not true that our churches and our societies recognized how the continuance of all this is bound to seriously damage the causes that they may have at heart? What if a church is built with promiscuous collections made in this way. Does it pay, in the long run, if those who shell out come to hate the name of religion?

If the young women of a city feel that they need a swimming bath and enough people do not come forward with the money to build it, after they have set forth their need to those of means in a dignified, self-respecting fashion, why should they go about the streets, cheapening themselves, as they will in Toronto, no matter whether they are accompanied by chaperones or not, and making the lives of those they meet miserable. The whole proceeding outrages the sense of decency and fairness.

The Saturday News had an usual experience the other day, nothing less than the receipt of a message from a departed spirit. It is respectfully submitted to the attention of Sir Oliver Lodge and others who are engaged in the investigation of such things. From St. Louis,

Does this Look Like a Trading Post?



Photo by Byron-May Co.

A View of Jasper Avenue looking west from McDougall

The past week has seen the Edmonton street car system, the first between Winnipeg and the coast, placed in operation. The cars have been well filled, even at times of the day when it was not unlikely that many would be taking a ride purely for the novelty of the experience. It is hoped that next week permission will have been received from the railway commission to cross the C.N.R. and C.P.R. tracks, when the interurban service between Edmonton and Strathcona will be started.

The above view gives an excellent idea of the improvement that has been wrought in Jasper Avenue during the summer by the laying of the bitulithic pavement and the removal of all poles from the sides of the street. It will soon be able to challenge comparison with the finest business thoroughfares on the continent.

Missouri, came a personal letter signed "Rev. Irl. R. Hicks," dwelling at some length on the work which he has been doing for many years back as a weather forecaster and setting forth the advantage of keeping one's eye upon him during 1909. Now it happens that some two or three years ago the newspapers announced the death of this eminent gentleman, and those who pinned their faith to him were overcome by the sad thought that hereafter they would only have Prof. Foster to rely on. The old fogies, who are employed by the government and who are working according to the methods laid down by recognized scientists, were, of course, not worthy of consideration. To all such the news that Mr. Hicks is still operating at the old stand will cause extreme felicity. You can't yet keep a good man (or woman) down, after once being placed on a satisfactory commercial basis. The greatest of changes to which every-day humanity is exposed have no effect upon them. Dr. Talmage still preaches his weekly sermons; Lydia Pinkham still sends letters of tender solicitude to those who respond to her advertisements, even though an enterprising journal some years ago published a cut of her tombstone in a Massachusetts graveyard; and with Irl. Hicks still on deck, we must feel that the world is fast becoming a very different place to live in from what it was in the days of our benighted forefathers.

The Morden, Manitoba, Chronicle, records a statement made by the late Hon. Thomas Greenway, some months before his death, relative to his defeat in the provincial election of 1899. If Mr. Greenway was correct in his assumptions, and there is a great deal to make us believe that he was, a situation is presented that must fill one with alarm for the cause of good government. Says the Chronicle:

"The election of 1899 came on; it was intended to hold the election in the spring, but it was postponed till fall. The Opposition promised the railways practically anything they wanted, with the result that the three railway corporations, the C.P.R., the N.P.R. and Mackenzie & Mann, turned upon Mr. Greenway and rent him. He was simple enough to believe that the people whose interests he was protecting from the railway would support him against the corporations, but the railway companies had gone out into all the districts that re-

quired railways and told the people that Greenway was responsible for that want of railways. They turned their forces against him in every other part of the province, and he was beaten."

"On September 15 last he was in Morden and, discussing that election, said: 'I have never been able to decide whether or not I was a fool in refusing to let the railways out of the province. If I had bought the support of any one of the three I would have been returned to power. I have been told many times since that my course was not good politics, that I should have bought the support of the railways, but I simply couldn't sell out. I was nearly bankrupt at the time, and it hurt to hear people say that I had feathered my nest. But that did not hurt as much as the knowledge that the people whose patrimony I had protected from the railways should turn me out for doing so. I couldn't have done differently, but when I see the men who succeeded me rolling in wealth and receiving public approbation for doing so you cannot blame me for looking back with some questioning as to whether I should have followed my own ideals as I did, or those of the people.'"

As a convinced Imperialist, along with all he believes to be rational lines, the Saturday News has had frequent occasion to express regret that Englishmen and Western Canadians do not understand one another more thoroughly. We have from time to time on this page pointed out where we believed the fault lay and it is with no little satisfaction that we came across in a recent copy of the London Times a contribution from an Englishman, travelling in Canada, written from Calgary, in which the situation is sized up admirably. Such an article, appearing in such a journal as the Times should be productive of much good. It is very frank and states the case both for and against the Englishmen with unusual clearness. After noting what every visitor must, what a disposition there is to hold the products of the Old Land in slight esteem, the contributor to the Times says:

"It is not only against ignoramus and ne'er-do-wells that the resentment is felt. It includes all Englishmen as members of a little race with certain characteristics in common which the Briton overseas is unable to endure. Even this comprehensive resentment we are constrained to admit, has considerable excuse. The travelling or immigrant Englishman . . . has only one standard to which he instinctively refers everything that confronts him in his new surroundings, and that standard is 'home.' So little does he understand the irrita-

tion caused by this attitude that he is usually unconscious that any irritation exists. Yet such irritation is natural, and only needs a little imagination to be easily understood. A simple illustration would probably make the matter clear. Let him imagine himself, the Englishman, as an elder brother who has inherited the family seat and thus come easily into luxuries and conveniences which his younger brothers have had to set about to create. Let him remember when he descends upon the shores of one of the younger Britains, that he is entering the new home which a younger brother has built with toil and enthusiasm for himself. In such a case, the elder brother ought not to fail to realize the inevitable effect upon his junior of judging things in the new home by no other standard than their conformity to things in the old. But he almost invariably does so fail. Consequently, and most naturally, he is unpopular."

The Times then turns its attention to the Canadians. "At the same time, the responsibility admittedly is not entirely upon the shoulders of the immigrant. Self-sufficiency and bluntness can be charged with equal justice to the other side of the account. If the immigrant Englishman has one of the self-governing Dominions, the local stalwart of the backwoods or the bush has no standard at all. He is prone to assure you that everything in his country is the finest of its kind in the world. He is given to the opinion that his familiar habits or garments or methods have only one explanation, the vernacular for which is 'side.' He has stock legends about the stupidity and ineptitude of Englishmen, numbers of which any Englishman who knows one of the self-governing Dominions must inevitably have heard. He is even inclined to think such weakness an inevitable feature of its kind in the world, and this tendency ends by coloring his political beliefs."

Proceeding to the discussion of Imperial questions in their broader aspects, the article proceeds: "It is, indeed, the political aspect of these various forms and causes of disagreement which is really serious from the Imperial point of view. Transferred into the atmosphere of high politics, the rooted English narrowness inspires and colors the whole creed which looks still upon the self-governing Dominions as English possessions, whose sole and sufficient purpose should be to follow English opinion and strengthen English prestige. It is this spirit which confounds the growing aspirations of the Dominions for self-realization as national entities, and their desire for individual responsibility in such matters as their own defence, with disloyalty to the British crown and even to the Crown. Conversely in the Dominions themselves, the reaction against the superiority assumed by Englishmen as a right leads in some sections to a total disregard of what the younger Britains

still owe to the prestige and the protection of the country from which they spring. It often also brings about a complete obliviousness to considerations which may not immediately affect the interests of the Dominion or of that, but which yet intimately concern the reputation of the Empire as a whole. During the last half century the growth of opinion in the Dominions has in fact been centrifugal. By a development as inevitable as any process known to history their patriotism, sprung from native soil, looks first and foremost to the future of their own land. The problem confronting Imperial statesmanship in our day is the reconciliation of these growing forces of nationalism with the principle of common aims and common action in the crucial questions which affect them all. The principle must find some definite political expression if the Empire is to be maintained; but, to be lasting, its realization must be gradual, and it will only be attained when Imperial statesmen, and particularly those of the Mother Country, understand the popular opinion with which they have to deal in other parts of the Empire than their own, the growing system of conferences is bringing an ever-increasing number of colonial statesmen and authorities to our shores; but there is not at present a corresponding tendency among our statesmen to acquaint themselves at first hand with the feelings and ambitions of the colonies. The memorable example set by Mr. Chamberlain in his visit to South Africa is not, perhaps, one which can be followed with much frequency, but such unofficial visits as that which Lord Milner is now paying to Canada cannot be too widely commended to men in this country who aspire to real service in the Imperial cause. At present the self-governing Dominions undoubtedly know more of England than England knows of them."

The Times concludes by emphasizing the need for closer personal acquaintance amongst English statesmen with the life of the Dominions and their ways of thought. It will be a great day for the Empire, it declares, when Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd-George or Mr. Chamberlain, shall address series of public meetings from Halifax to Vancouver, from Capetown to Durban and from Perth to Wellington.

The effect of so sane and so clear an exposition of a wide difficult problem, with the result that will be excellent. Brought into proper working relationship, the people of the two parts of the Empire can each be a source of the greatest strength to the other, and it is the part of the Imperial statesman to aid the process in every possible way.

The much discussed libel charge preferred by the editor of the Calgary Eye Opener against Mr. McGillicuddy, editor of the Calgary News, came before a jury this week. Mr. Justice Beek presiding over the sitting of the court. A verdict of guilty was returned and the defendant was sentenced to a fine of \$100, with two months' jail as an alternative. However, as in delivering sentence, Justice Beek declared that the Eye Opener had exercised a demoralizing influence, and as the following rider was attached to the verdict, the guiding spirit of the News is not likely to take great exception to the result. After declaring the prisoner guilty and the plea of justification not sustained, the jury's finding read:

"We believe the contents of the letter published in the News too drastic to meet the requirements of the case, but as citizens of Calgary we desire to place on record our disapproval of the obscene and suggestive articles and illustrations which appear in the Eye Opener, and we respectfully request your lordship to caution the prosecutor against publishing any more such articles, which, if persisted in, should be suppressed."

The jury has expressed very accurately the opinions of the average person who wants to see the common decencies of life respected. The article which appeared in the News went to extremes and may even yet, by awakening a certain amount of sympathy for the man who was attacked, defeat the object which it had in view. It was not necessary to attack the individual behind the newspaper, even though the charges made against him could be sustained. The Eye Opener itself gave quite enough offence and the News would have occupied much stronger ground if it had confined its criticism to the paper. That it has been allowed for such an extended period to carry out its particular form of journalism is a crying shame. It has involved discredit to the province and to the Dominion at large. Why the proper authorities have not made a move against it long ago is a mystery that requires clearing up. That it has had an immense circulation goes without saying. The more obscene a publication the larger body of readers it will always have. The fact is deplorable, but it cannot be challenged. Nor do those who gloat over the contents of such a paper as the Eye Opener comprise what are ordinarily described as the dregs of society. Some of its most constant readers are church officials. The writer even knows of a minister who is on the regular subscription list, though we do not suppose that he advertises the fact to his congregation.

Such a situation can only be remedied by action on the part of proper public authorities. There is no use trusting to public opinion. The man, who in the abstract denounces the circulation of such papers as an evil, will chuckle over it in private. That it is a brightly-written sheet and that sometimes it has rendered good service by its comments on current matters no one will think of denying. But this is not what has given it an ocean-to-ocean circulation. It is to be hoped that the course taken by the Calgary News, even though it cannot be wholly justified, and while in some respects it showed poor judgment, may be the means of awakening public sentiment to the need for radical action.

One of the most satisfactory features of the recent polling in the United States is the evidence of independence shown in a large number of states, where Governors of one party were elected in the face of large presidential majorities for the other. In Minnesota, a strongly Republican state, Governor Johnson, a Democrat, who has given excellent service, was elected for the third time. This renewal of confidence will make him a very decided possibility for the presidential nomination in 1912. The time will then be ripe for a good man, to take up the man-

Continued on page 8

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The Saturday News

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14



Wanted - A good live citizen of the
United States who will undertake
to teach Alberta crowds how to
cheer.

Nothing in the course of the re-
cent election surprised me more than
the apparent lack of enthusiasm
displayed at public meetings. I was
told by those who said they
knew that it was only apparent,
that the people did really feel deeply,
but they weren't accustomed to show-
ing that they were. Even on elec-
tion night when I knew that a large
part of those who were lining the
streets thought the country had been
saved from going to the demitition-
shows-wows, you could only hear a
squeak here and there. I'd hate to be
a politician with such a public to
try and stir up. It's all very well
to be assured by your friends that
in their inmost souls the people are
simply bubbling over with excite-
ment and admiration. But when you
have to take this on faith, you are
up against a pretty cold proposi-
tion. Before another election comes
round, I would advise the aspirant
for office who wants to create a stir
and make people think that he is the
greatest popular leader that ever
came down the Canadian pipe to in-
sert a want ad. like the above in a
New York or Chicago daily.
There was a mild affair in the
former city a few days before last
week's polling, which gives you some
idea of how the thing is done
properly. I quote from the account
of it which appeared in a New York
paper.

"As the Governor passes down the
central aisle the vast auditorium
sends up a shout that must have
been heard a block away. Every
body who could leaped upon his
chair. The air became pink with
thousands of little flags that were
being waved in a frenzy of enthusi-
asm. Some 12,000 or 14,000 throats
were doing what they could to split
themselves to welcome a man whom
they admired."

"The Governor, bowing and smil-
ing, hurried down the aisle and dis-
appeared under the stage. When he
disappeared on the platform to
shake hands with Gen. Porter and
Senator Lodge and Secretary Strau-
the din arose once again, and more
violent than ever. The Governor
came to the edge of the platform and
bowed repeatedly. The row contin-
ued nevertheless. There was no or-
ganized cheering. There were no
separate groups of electors who
started up the noise when it began
to die down. It didn't die down at
all."

"Everybody just yelled and waved
flags and jumped up and down and
climbed on chairs and agitated um-
brellas to which were attached pic-
tures of the Governor."

"Again and again Gov. Hughes
comes forward and smiles and bows
and waves a greeting and then goes
back and sits down. Still the uproar
continues until more than sixteen
minutes have been yelled off. And
finally, when everybody is black in
the face and the galleries have
stopped throwing out bushes of
pop snow and shaking the hunting
that drapes the railings, the din
comes to an end through sheer wear-
iness, though it does not really sub-
side until Gov. Hughes has stood
with outstretched hands for the
better part of a minute."

When will Frank Oliver get a re-
ception like that?

Both before and after the battle,
there was a great outbreak of elec-
tion poetry among our friends in the
country to the south this year.
From a newspaper which has arrived
in the city from Virginia during the
week, I call these two gems. The

first is by the Bard of the Brushes
and runs:

"Linville Bum came out to speak,
But Linville Bum, he was too weak -
Physically."

"Linville Bum came out to speak,
But 'besses' thought he was too weak.
Mentally."

"Linville Bum came out to speak;
But Linville Bum he did not speak
trially."

Another singer thus celebrates the
defeat of a candidate to whom he
was opposed:

"He ran for Congress did Mr.
Cowles,
He reared and snorted like warriors
bold

Hiroyphysically.

"He ran for Congress did Mr.
Cowles,
But the folks refused him at the
polls -
Emphatically."

"He ran for Congress did Mr.
Cowles,
Like striped chipmunks to their
holes -
Skiddoally."

"He ran for Congress did Mr.
Cowles,
But Hackett beat him to the goal -
Overwhelmingly."

Mr. W. J. Connors' of Buffalo,
who owns a great journalistic organ
of public opinion in that city and
who is a very strong politician, was
asked the day after election what he
thought of the result: "We have
seen the enemy and they done us"
was his reply. "That's all there is to
say."

Public opinion and hard time
have brought the price of a hair
cut in Toronto down from a quarter
to that at which the Johnny of the
rhyme had his locks trimmed - fif-
teen cents. Haven't these two
agencies any influence in Edmonton?
It is a long cry to thirty-five.

"Fanny has given notice." The
news communicated by his wife
came like a bolt from the blue to
the head of the house on his return
from business.

"Why?"

"She says you spoke in a brutal
manner to her on the telephone
yesterday."

"Yesterday? I thought I was
speaking to you?"

With F. Augustus Heinze, Charles
W. Morse, Dan McGillicuddy, and
other celebrities, the defendants
in criminal actions, a man feels him-
self a nonentity who does not fig-
ure in the news of the courts.

The Baltimore American Star
comes to the front with the declara-
tion that "when a Boston woman
is kissed she remembers that the
intensity of a sensation is propor-

tionate to the logarithm of the stim-
ulus."

Did you catch it?

C.N.R. conductor: "Tickets,
please."

Passenger: "Haven't any."

Conductor: "Where are you go-
ing?"

Passenger: "To Winnipeg. And
I haven't any money, either."

Conductor: "And do you expect
to ride for nothing?"

Passenger: "Certainly. Here's an
advertisement of your road which
reads 'through to Winnipeg with-
out charge'."

Mother (reading telegram):

Henry telegraphs that the football
match is over and he came out of
it with three broken ribs.

Father (eagerly): And who won?

Mother: He doesn't say.

Father (impatiently): Confound it
all! That boy never thanks of anybody
but himself. Now I must wait un-
til I get the morning paper. Tit-
bits.

"When the late Joel Chandler
Harris was an editor here among
us," said an Atlantian, "I called on
him one day and found him very
willing to correct an error about
me that crept into his columns."

"We talked about newspaper con-
tradictions, public apologies, and
the like, and Uncle Remus" took
down a scrapbook and read me an
apology that was an apology indeed.

"It had appeared," he said, in
a transval paper. "I'll never for-
get it. I agreed with Mr. Harris
that it was the finest specimen of
the public apology and retraction
extant. It said:

"I, the undersigned, A. C. du
Plessis, retract everything I have
said against the innocent Mr. G. P.
bezuiden hof, calling myself an
infamous liar, and striking my
mouth with the exclamation, 'You
meddlesome mouth, why do you lie
so?' I declare, further, that I know
nothing against the character of
Mr. G. P. Bezuiden hof. I call
myself besides, a genuine liar of
the first class.-A. C. du Plessis."

BORN.

Livingstone On Monday, the 9th
inst., at 127 Victoria Ave., Ed-
monton, to Mr. and Mrs. T.
Livingstone, a son.

Hardisty - At Edmonton, on Sun-
day, Nov. 8th, to Mr. and Mrs.
Percy Hardisty, a daughter.

A New York despatch states that
Rev. A. Le Corre, O.M.I., who for
37 years has been a missionary in
the Mackenzie River district, is sol-
iciting funds for the establishment
of a Roman Catholic seminary in
the heart of the north.

3rd Limerick

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The Editor of the Mail and Empire,
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The Manager of Woods North Ltd.
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Woods North Limited, Toronto.
6. Give full name and address

Fill in last line here

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usually divided among the three contests

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The Infatuation of Eric

The smoking room of the club was almost empty as Barton walked in with the powerful stride that was characteristic of his movements. The two or three men who were reading or chatting there looked up and smiled pleasantly, for Barton was a popular member of the club. If he returned the smiles, his mouth was too much concealed by his heavy beard to reveal any of its workings; and his face, always grave and stern, gave no signs of having relaxed a muscle. The men were, however, used to Barton's unemotional features, for it was known that they were no guide to the nature they were supposed to indicate.

It was generally understood that Barton had some trouble early in life and was still suffering from its effects. It was known of him except that in business he had been a very successful man. In the city his intimates called him "Lucky" for his habit of "forgetting" to say things, doing, and more than one of his acquaintances at the club or elsewhere had gone to Barton in a case of difficulty, and Barton had straightened out the complication with surprising success.

Barton sat down in a leisurely way in one of the vacant armchairs, and began to look at the evening paper until dinner should be served. For Barton always dined at the club, he almost lived there. He did not seem to have any home life, and when he was not in the city he was generally to be found in the smoking-room. He had been toying with the paper for some minutes, when a short thin man with a face that had anxiously written in every line of it, peeped into the room with the words:

"Has anyone seen Barton?" Barton looked up and caught the new-comer's eye. "Hallo, Dixon," he said. "Want me?"

Dixon's face wore a look of relief at once. He came into the room and sat down, while on various pretexts the other men went out and left the two alone.

"It's about my boy, Barton," said Dixon, drawing his chair closer. "He's done with me. I dare say I've spoken freely, but there has been a good deal of that on both sides. And now he's gone off with the ultimatum that he is to marry this woman, to-morrow morning."

"The music hall dancer?" queried Barton. Dixon nodded. He and Barton were old friends, and between such words are not always essential. Barton had heard much of the story of young Eric Dixon's infatuation for a lady, prominent in the world of entertainment, at the moment as La Belle Marie. And he knew that the boy, having just inherited a tolerable fortune, was spending foolishly large sums in costly presents for a lady of whom he knew nothing. But the news that Eric had decided to make the lady his wife brought a serious look to Barton's face.

"Have you ever seen this lady?" Dixon asked.

Barton shook his head decidedly. "I haven't been to a theatre for twenty years," he said. "Not since—and he broke off suddenly as if it were a subject he would prefer not to discuss. After a moment's pause, he turned abruptly to Dixon and went on:

"Look here, old chap, you've come to the right man, this time. You have often wondered why I never married. Now as a matter of fact, I have been married. I did precisely what Eric is going to do. I quarrelled with my father and married a dancing girl."

"You?" queried Dixon, sitting back and looking in astonishment at the sober, serious face of his friend. "Yes," replied Barton. "I'm not going into particulars, but I will merely say that she was a pretty girl of eighteen. Our married life lasted six months, and then—"

he shrugged his shoulders with a sigh. "You divorced her?" Dixon asked. "She divorced me," said Barton quietly. "I was in love with her even then, and I wanted to spare her. She gave me an understanding not to molest me or any of my friends and I did not defend the suit. I went abroad and tried to forget. But this is just and done with," he turned on his side and flicked of a smile. "I mention it to show you that I can go to your boy, and convince him that I know what I am talking about. I presume to offer him advice. He's still at his chambers in Jermyn street, I suppose?"

Dixon nodded assent. Then he held out his hand and his voice quivered a little as he said: "I don't know how I can thank you enough, Barton. If this thing happens, as the boy has threatened, it will break his mother's heart."

"Well," said Barton. "I can't work miracles. But the boy and I are on very good terms, and if it comes to it, I can tell him even more than I have told you."

After dinner Barton strolled across Jermyn street. Eric was out. He would be out all the evening, his man said. But supper had been ordered for 11, as Mr. Eric was bringing a young lady and her

mother back. The young lady was to be married to him in the morning. Barton had on message to leave; he gave his name and came away. While he was walking slowly down the street an omnibus bearing a flaming poster, announcing that La Belle Marie was to be seen nightly at the Mammoth Variety Theatre, passed. Barton took his clue from that. He hailed a cab and drove direct to the theatre. Outside it a huge poster presented the smiling, girl-like face of La Belle Marie, and he stopped for an instant to look at it in case it should reveal something of the secret of his fascination for Eric.

It was a pleasing face. Barton had to admit this to himself, and the feeling came to him that his task had become very much harder all at once. There was a sparkle in the dark eyes that reminded him of the eyes he had loved so well twenty years before, and for the moment he felt a dangerous inclination to sympathise with Eric. A mass of heavy, blue-black hair crowned the shapely head, and with a smile Barton reflected that he had once thought so much of Eric like that.

except that the object of his own admiration had possessed hair of the most perfect golden hue. He entered the house, and walked about the promenade in the hope of meeting Eric. Then, glancing about him, he caught sight of the young man himself, sitting with an air of unconscious pride in the stage box. He at once sent his card thither, and, in a few moments later, he stood by Eric's side.

"I hope you haven't come to discuss Marie," Mr. Barton said to the young man at once. "I know that my father feels very keenly about this business; but then, so do I. He belongs to a former generation, when actresses were not the class of people they are now. If you've come to breathe a word against Marie, I'm sorry. I shall not be able to entertain your company. This is plain speaking, I know; but you must forgive me. I'm very despondent about it."

Barton sat down with a quiet smile. "Pray, don't imagine for a moment that I would presume to criticize the lady," he said. "She is quite young, I believe."

"I think we are as nearly as possible of the same age," said Eric, softened by Barton's diplomatic manner. He himself had just turned twenty-five.

"If you will permit me," said Barton with the view of gaining time, "I should like to stay here and see the lady's performance."

"I shall be delighted," said Eric, pleased to find the man whom he had suspected to be an emissary from his father appearing to share his youthful enthusiasm. "And—look here," he added, "I'm taking her and her mother back to supper at my place. Won't you join us and complete the party?"

"Certainly," agreed Barton, who was determined to lose no chance of clinging to the young man till he could explain his interference. "It's very kind of you."

The band struck up—a tumult of applause swelled through the house, led by Eric himself, and the next moment La Belle Marie, gorgeously dressed in black, and yellow, tripped on for her Spanish dance. She looked for a moment at the box, and smiled at Eric, who Barton suspected was the young man's opera glasses and stepped back a pace.

It seemed incredible at first. His hands shook so much that he could with difficulty keep the glasses firmly to his eyes. The rich blue-black hair had deceived Barton completely at first, but he had no longer any doubt. Looking still marvelously youthful, still with much of the girl-like beauty that had vanquished him twenty years before, Barton realized that La Belle Marie was his divorced wife.

He stopped to put the opera glasses on a chair, but it fell from his trembling grasp, and his voice shook as he murmured a conventional apology.

"What's the matter, Mr. Barton?" said the young man, suddenly noticing his confusion. "Are you ill?" "It's nothing thanks," replied Barton, picking up his hat. "I've not been very bright, lately. I'll take a turn outside, and I shall be myself again. What time am I to be at your place?"

"I've ordered supper at 11," replied Eric. "You're sure you're all right?"

"Oh, quite thanks," said Barton with a re-assuring laugh. And promising to be at Jermyn street at the appointed time, he went out into the street to think.

It was all so wonderful to him. A coil or two of hair, an adroit use of cosmetics—and, in the sight of a foolishly admiring boy, a woman of eight and thirty was transformed into a girl of twenty-five. And, to keep up the cruel delusion, she had acquired a mother!

hats," he said. "It will give me great pleasure to present you to my future wife."

Barton gave a slight bow of acknowledgement, and then looked about him as if in pursuance of some design. A tall lamp was near him, and, apparently, without any particular object in view, he went and stood so that the rays fell upon his face. A moment later the ladies entered.

"Marie," said Eric, "let me present an old friend—Mr. Barton."

Barton did not bow. He stood where the light of the lamp fell full upon his face. The lady advanced with extended hand, and then she stopped suddenly and grasped the back of a chair.

"My God!" she almost screamed. "You!"

"What does this mean?" said Eric, striding angrily up to Barton.

"You have met this lady before. I demand to know when and where."

Barton brushed the lady aside, gently but firmly. Turning to La Belle Marie, he said quietly:

"There is a compact between us that you shall never meet me or mine and you have always kept it. I ask you to keep it still. This gentleman is the son of one of my oldest friends, and he indicated Eric as he spoke."

"Marie," said Eric with a trembling voice, taking her hand, "what does it all mean?"

Marie pushed him abruptly away

and sank into a chair and burst out into wild laughter, which increased as she saw the young man's obvious concern. As soon as she could speak she turned to Barton and said: "You're right. You were a white man to me, and whatever I may be, nobody can say that I haven't always played the game." "Look here, boy," she added to Eric, snatching a serviette from the table and rubbing it roughly over her enamelled features. "See those? Crow's feet, my dear. And that hair that you loved to stroke, Eric. See here!"

As she spoke she snatched a number of jewelled pins from her raven locks and then lifted them boldly from her head, showing her own thin hair beneath streaked with grey.

"Oh," cried Eric, shutting out the sight with his hands. "It is horrible."

Barton came forward and held out his hand, but Marie took no notice of it. "Don't follow me," she said to Eric. "I'm going now. Come, mother."

And she strode from the room with something like a suppressed sob, followed by her companion.

Eric sank into a chair, and Barton went and stood over him. "Let's go down to my club and have supper," he said quietly. "We might meet your father there."

"Arnold Golds worth," in M.A.P.

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FACT TWENTY

HE average rate of interest realized by The Imperial Life Assurance Company of Canada on its invested funds in 1907 was 6.10 per cent. According to the available figures, the average rate earned by all Canadian companies was 4.98 per cent; by American companies in Canada, 4.48 per cent; by British companies in Canada, 4.18 per cent.

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PUBLIC NOTICE

Sittings of the District Court of the District of Edmonton

The sittings of the District Court and the District Judge's Criminal Court of the District of Edmonton, during the year 1908 will be held at the places and on the dates given below for the trial of actions and the disposal of any civil business which may properly be brought before the said Court.

EDMONTON—
Commencing:
Monday, January 25th.
Monday, February 22nd
Monday, March 22nd.
Monday, April 19th
Tuesday, May 25th
Monday, June 21st
Monday, September 20th
Monday, October 25th
Monday, November 22nd
Monday, December 13th.

STRATHCONA—
Monday, January 18th
Tuesday, April 15th
Tuesday, September 7th
Wednesday, November 10th

TOFIELD:
Tuesday, January 12th
Tuesday, April 6th
Wednesday, October 6th.

STONY PLAIN.
Tuesday, February 2nd.
Tuesday, May 4th
Tuesday, November 2nd.

SPRUCE GROVE.
Wednesday, February 3rd.
Wednesday, May 5th
Wednesday, November 3rd.

MILLET.
Tuesday, February 16th
Tuesday, May 18th
Thursday, September 2nd.
Tuesday, November 16th

LEDUC.
Wednesday, February 17th
Wednesday, May 19th
Friday, September 3rd
Wednesday, November 17th.

FORT SASKATCHEWAN.
Tuesday, March 2nd
Tuesday, June 1st
Tuesday, September 14th
Tuesday, November 30th

VEGREVILLE.
Thursday, March 4th
Thursday, June 3rd
Wednesday, September 15th
Thursday, December 2nd.

LYNDMINSTER.
Tuesday, March 16th
Tuesday, June 15th
Tuesday, September 23rd
Tuesday, December 7th

VECMILION
Thursday, March 18th
Thursday, June 17th
Thursday, September 30th
Thursday, December 9th.

INNISFREE.
Wednesday, March 17th
Wednesday, June 16th
Wednesday, September 24th
Wednesday, December 8th.

ATHABASCA LANDING.
Tuesday, January 19th
Tuesday, October 12th.

ST. ALBERT.
Tuesday, February 2nd
Tuesday, May 10th
Tuesday, September 14th
Tuesday, December 7th.

MORINVILLE.
Wednesday, February 3rd
Wednesday, May 5th
Wednesday, September 15th
Wednesday, December 8th.

RIVIERE DU RABRE.
Thursday, February 4th
Thursday, May 6th
Thursday, September 16th
Thursday, December 9th.

WARMAM.
Tuesday, February 16th
Tuesday, May 18th
Tuesday, October 19th
Tuesday, December 7th.

LAC STE ANNE.
Wednesday, February 17th
Wednesday, May 19th
Wednesday, October 20th
Wednesday, December 9th.

S. B. WOODS,
Deputy Attorney-General
Dated October 19th, 1908.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



Those who are behind the project of sending a hockey team east to represent Edmonton in an effort to capture the Stanley Cup early in January are more than pleased with the progress that is being made. Captain Whitcroft has secured his septette, which it is claimed will be one of the speediest aggregations ever organized in the country. Lindsay of Renfrew, goal; Hugh Ross, Portage, point; Roy Brown, Sault Ste. Marie, cover and McNamara and Gardener, Montreal, Shamrocks; Vair, Renfrew and Whitcroft and Miller, of last year's Edmonton team, forwards, have been engaged. No one knows the Canadian hockey world better than Whitcroft, and the committee has shown good judgment in giving him a free hand. (Since the above was written it is learned that Roy Brown will not come.)

By seven to one Edmonton Rugby footballers defeated Calgary on Thanksgiving Day in the latter city. The experience of last year, was discarded and the Canadian interprovincial game adopted instead of that in force in the Old Country. Canadian players were in the majority on both teams. To Charlie Wilson, who is responsible in a large measure for the interest which has been awakened in the game in Edmonton this season, the principle honors of the day fell, his 65 yard run for a touch-down, which was converted by Burnham, deciding the result. Captain Crowley made a very efficient general on the field and off it.

On the holiday the Southern city also went down at basket ball, a spirited contest being held at the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, when Edmonton scored 35 points to Calgary's 15.

Alberta is now represented on the Board of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union. At the annual meeting which was held in Toronto the other day, Hon. C. W. Cross was elected a director.

Fitzgerald was not able to realize all that was expected of him in the road race at Winnipeg on Thanksgiving Day. The weather was rough and he had the misfortune to fall several times, receiving a severe shaking-up. He, however, managed to finish seventh. Paul Acosse, the Indian champion of Saskatchewan, finished first.

President-Elect Taft, having been thrown on the defensive, by the charge that he was "a golf playing aristocrat," will probably be able to do a great deal towards the popularizing of that game. "A man of my build requires exercise in the open air," he said the other day, "and exercise to be beneficial must be entertaining, of course. I can ride, but one cannot maintain keen interest in that game, and this takes up your thoughts while getting a fix or six mile walk." Taft maintains that golf is not "a rich man's game." In Scotland, he declared, it is played generally by the populace, and in this country its devotees are becoming more numerous each year.

That it is a splendid game no one who has ever attempted it will deny. For a busy man, who has large responsibilities on his shoulders, it has no equal. It gives one the exercise that he requires, while at the same time the mental recreation that he receives makes him forget that he is indulging in physical effort. It has this further advantage that you do not have to quit when

your hair begins to show streaks of grey and you realize when you start after a street-car that you can no longer equal the record for fifty yards that you established some years before. You can play it to old age and one cannot conceive of a real golf enthusiast ever becoming old in spirit, no matter what the evidence of the parish register. As to its being a popular and inexpensive game, two things are necessary. In the first place the player must be able to keep his direction so accurately that he will not lose his ball and in the second the burden of maintaining the links must be divided over a large number of persons than is usually the case. In those cities where public links are maintained by the municipality the game has many devotees. In any case, the enthusiastic golfer will be disposed to declare that, whether expensive or otherwise, everyone gets his money's worth out of it many times over.

COVER POINT.

THE TAXI PARLEYVOO.

There is no more entertaining way to spend an idle hour in Paris than to get a taxi-cab and instruct the driver to go along some street where you will be reasonably sure to get into a jam or to bump against another cab. The charm of the experience is of course enhanced by your ignorance of what the cabbies say.

Should your driver merely graze the wheel of another cab, he will turn on his seat and yell mellifluously at the other driver, who in turn will shout back an assortment of vowels. But the best is a quarrel between two cabbies obstructing each other's way. The conversation, translated as nearly literally as is safe, goes in this wise:

Sacred name! Why do you? Holy blue! I do not! Stomach on the ground! You have the face of an ox! Blue stomach! Are you in chains? A bas! Name of a dog! Mon Dieu! Name of a pig! Woe (or words) to that effect! Name of a Name! A thousand deaths! Name of a name of a name!

Now you begin to expect some doings. While you have not fully understood, you are satisfied that nothing but pistols and knives will wipe out the insults.

Unfortunately, about this time the jam is untangled and you are allowed to drive away, but the other driver yells after yours:

Alas! You are a little piece of brown soap!

It seems that this expression is the fighting name in Paris. Were it not that your cabbie owes a duty to you and must convey you to your destination, you know by his expression that he would climb down and get that other cabbie and mow up his eyes with him.

He contents himself with turning about and making a face in the direction of his enemy and of going through the motion of spitting at him.

Then he says Yoo! to the horse, and the war is over.—Chicago Post.



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Jasper's Note Book

A Weekly Tale
of
Two Cities

I came across a half-tone illustration in last Saturday's Globe of the \$350,000 public library building which is about to be opened in Toronto. The sight of it almost made me wish that I was back in the East. Those who know what an enthusiastic westerner I am will be in a position to realize how profound the impression was. In comparing life in Edmonton and Toronto the balance always rests with the former. There are only two respects in which the Ontario city appears in a more attractive light. I am exceedingly fond of theatres and books. The lack of good dramatic attractions for a long while made a serious void in my life here. But it is being rapidly supplied. The strides which have been made during the past year in that direction are very great and the lover of the theatre no longer feels that he is utterly cut off from the main currents of the world of the drama, while following the success that has been attained in placing first class plays on the local stage we may expect to see very steady improvement from now on.

But I did not start out to cut into "First Nighter's" weekly assignment. What I want to ask is whether the time has not arrived when we should do something towards securing a public library. There are very few communities so backward in supplying this necessity the continent over. The absence of such an institution is bound to have a very serious effect upon the character of our citizenship, particularly that part of it which is growing up to manhood and womanhood. I know that a great many public libraries are utilized for the most part simply to supply fiction to those who would be just as well off without reading the books that they take out. I have always been of the opinion that some steps should be adopted to curb the extensive and indiscriminate resort to this kind of reading. But leaving this feature aside, we all know that public libraries have been the means of helping many young men and women to educate themselves, when without such means at hand the opportunity to make something of themselves would be altogether denied. Those who are attempting special work along any line are tremendously handicapped by having no facilities for reference at hand.

How this need is to be supplied is another question. I know that considerable prejudice exists against soliciting the good offices of Mr. Carnegie and the municipal authorities are very diffident as a rule about taking up such a suggestion for fear that they will give offence to those who feel strongly on the subject. For myself I confess that never shared any of these feelings. Even if Mr. Carnegie is the one to whom some people have represented him to be, and I do not think they have made their case out, why should he not be allowed to assist in a movement that is for the public good? The more objection we have to him personally the more I should think we would be inclined to give him the chance of making up for his alleged misdeeds by devoting part of his gains to a useful purpose.

What I have said applies to Strathcona as well as Edmonton. But thanks to the generosity of Premier Rutherford there will shortly be a library in the city on the south bank, which, if the general public is allowed to make use of it, will supply the deficiency in a considerable measure. Mr. Rutherford has donated to the University a Canadian library which will contain all available volumes that relate to Canadian subjects. Its cost, when completed, will I understand be in the neighborhood of \$5000. The keen personal interest which the Premier has shown in the new institution should mean much to it.

I am glad to note that the professors are losing no time in making their usefulness felt outside the

university classes. They have been making addresses to various educational gatherings throughout the province, which it is to be hoped will be the fore-runners of general extension work. It is by exerting its usefulness on the side of intelligence and culture upon those who have not the opportunity of taking up its regular work that it can best show its value to the public at large. As a very practical illustration of this, the lecture given at Lacombe this week by Prof. Muir Edwards on the subject of Municipal Engineering, in regard to which he is no small authority, should serve admirably. He has offered to repeat it elsewhere and it would be well for all the towns and cities of the province to secure a visit from him.

Edmonton's gas producer plant which has been erected at the old power-house at a cost of \$100,000 went into operation this week and will, there is every reason to believe, enable the municipality to keep up better with the many demands which are made on its power supply. It has gone ahead with its programme with superb confidence in the future of the city, which no one who has taken the trouble to investigate the situation for himself, no matter from what part of the world he hails, believes to have been misplaced. The project of erecting a \$750,000 pumping house on the site purchased up the river some time ago will likely be gone on with next year. The commissioners are now preparing a report on the subject. If present plans are followed out, the city will have, when the undertaking is completed, somewhere in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000, invested in its public utility enterprises, and they are all fully justifying themselves.

I am glad to see that both Edmonton and Strathcona councils are taking up the question of providing market facilities. That in each city these would mean a very great deal for both the producer and consumer is certain. The spasmodic efforts that have been made to supply this need should give place to a definite policy at an early date. How is it that when everyone is agreed that a certain line of action is for the good of all concerned years have to elapse before any action is taken?

The Edmonton Board of Trade is doing good service in keeping the question of the enforcement of the fire limits by-law before the council. There is too much valuable property at stake in the city now for any trifling. The improvement that has been made in the fire department has given the business man a sense of security which he never had till recently and has lifted a considerable burden in the way of insurance rates off his shoulders. To throw away the benefits of all this simply to please a few individuals is the height of folly.

A representative of the company to which an artificial gas franchise was given a year ago last summer has been in the city with a view to securing its renewal, it having lapsed owing to failure to commence operations within the time specified. The greatest care should be taken in dealing with the matter. It has been well understood that the passing of the by-law that a better bargain could be made, and there is no justification for action without going into the whole matter thoroughly.

The total vote in Edmonton riding stood: Oliver, 5,212, and Hyndman 2,995. The Conservative candidate thus saves his deposit by a margin of 193 votes, which most people will be glad to hear. Mr. Hyndman fought a plucky fight against big odds, and the showing made by him is by no means discredit. In Strathcona, the vote stood: McIntyre, 3,130; Day, 2,078; Anderson, 1,036. In view of the fears that were expressed as to the result just before the election by some of Dr. McIntyre's warmest friends, the majority is a remarkable one.

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Study out the rebus, write the words plainly, and mail or bring your reply to our store without delay, and we will list the answers in the order in which they are received, and award the prizes as mentioned above.

THE MASTERS PIANO CO.'S PLAN IS SO MODERN, SO CONSISTENT, AND EASY, that a good piano is within reach of any ambitious person, and can be paid for out of a very moderate salary, HENCE THIS IS THE APPOINTED TIME TO MAKE YOUR SELECTION.

The fairness of this offer appeals to the public at once, from the fact that The Masters Piano Co. is noted for selling pianos upon the UNIFORM OR ONE PRICE PLAN, all instruments being marked in plain figures at prices much lower than the prices asked by other houses for pianos of an equal grade. Therefore, to all prize winners there is every assurance of a bona fide reduction to the amount of their certificate, on any piano they select.

Send in your reply without delay. : This ad. will not appear again.

The Masters Piano Company

236 Jasper Avenue West, Edmonton, Alberta

TELEPHONE 1517

THE LARGEST PIANO HOUSE IN ALBERTA

The suit against Mr. Day entered by Mr. J. O'Neill Hayes of this city arising out of the sale of land at Daysland, which has aroused not a little interest, was decided by the Supreme Court in Ottawa this week, when the decision of the full court of Alberta was reversed and that of the trial judge sustained. Before the latter Mr. Hayes was awarded \$9,666.66.

The Strathcona Chronicle has suspended its daily edition and gone back to the semi-weekly class, in which it will probably be able to do quite as effective work, while at the same time the chances of being made a financial success will be very much better. Running a daily even in a big field is an expensive proposition, and when the field is limited it is a very easy thing to throw away a lot of good work and money. JASPER.

Music and Drama.

(Continued from page 6)

AT THE DOMINION.

The first week for the week at the Dominion Theatre was a play which took old theatre-goers back many years to the time when Kate Claxton's was a name to conjure with on the American stage. In "The Two Orphans" Miss Claxton starred for many years throughout the continent, stirring many audiences to its depths by her presentation of the woes of poor Louise. In the production given by the Allen Stock Company, Miss Verma Felton achieves one of her greatest successes in Miss Claxton's famous role. For stock company work no play could be better adapted, and the large audiences that have been greeting this talented organization night after night are fully deserved.

"The Two Orphans" has been played every night except Tuesday, when a special bill was prepared for the benefit of the visiting Knights of Pythias. The local members of the order, who a year ago scored so genuine a triumph by their production of "Damon and Pythias" repeated the trial scene on this occasion. In this Mr. Norcott, as Damon, did his most effective work, and along with the other members of the company, confirmed the excellent impression made at the initial production. The Knights were followed by the Allen Stock company in the well-known comedy "A Friend of the Family" which proved intensely amusing, as all of the Allen offerings of this character have been. The Allens will be absent from the city next week and the week af-

ter, returning after that for eight straight weeks at the Dominion.

At the Edmonton a moderately good operatic company has been playing all week to very poor houses. FIRST NIGHTER.

There is not a single number on the programme of the Palmatier Sisters' Orchestra and Concert Co. that is not of extraordinary merit. The musical selections are chosen with good taste and played by real artists, and the appearance of the handsome Sisters is in itself a refreshing treat. A distinct feature, and one which is alone worth the full admission price, is the cornet solos of Miss Helene. She has complete control of her instrument. Her tones are full and rich and absolutely free from brassiness, and the execution leaves the audience wrapped in ecstasy and admiration.

Miss Helene Palmatier has claimed, won, and still maintains the title of the world's greatest lady cornetist, all over the world where the girls have appeared. Their manager has offered a reward of one thousand dollars to any lady who would equal Miss Helene in the cornet solos for tone and expression and execution. Several times has this challenge been accepted by aspiring and talented women. But, so far, Miss Helene has always come out forth victorious. A similar reward of one thousand dollars is offered for any lady who will equal Miss Ina K. on drums and traps; but both girls still occupy the unique position of the world's best with their chosen instruments.

The entire program of the Palmatier Sisters is teeming with freshness, originality and excellence, and it is with a feeling of the most pleasant anticipation that we announce the appearance of their talented company at the Dominion Theatre, their season starting Monday, November 16th.

The Schubert Symphony Club and Lady Quartette will give a concert on Friday, Nov. 27th, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. The club members of the quartet are: entertainer Anna Pearl Wentberrington and the celebrated young American violin and mandolin virtuoso, and the two boys are providing an excellent treat for the Edmonton public, and hope that their efforts will be appreciated.

The new Xmas post cards, blank albums for amateur photographers, Christmas cards for every one, fancy articles, and dozens of new dainty little fancy notions are now in stock at Little's Stationery Store.

COFFEE

Reed's Rich Roast

of coffee is a luxury we must it ourselves the only way to have it pure excellence—ground by electricity as ordered. 10c, 50c, 60c per lb. and well worth it.

TEA

If you buy a pound of our dollar tea you get a dollars worth of real solid value for your money—the same standard of value goes with our 75c, 60c, 50c & 40c blends.

REED'S

Tea and

Bazaar Store

Cor. 2nd & Jasper Ave.

TRUTH ABOUT BREAD

Everyone knows that under changing conditions it is impossible for the housewife to always produce good bread at every baking—something goes wrong.

Hallier & Aldridge's Bread

is manufactured by a system and under all modern conditions to produce a loaf of standard quality.

TRY OUR

Mother's Bread

It is always good.

Phone 1327 223 JASPER AVE.



The Local Improvement Act, Village Act and School Assessment Ordinance.

Notice is hereby given that under the provisions of the Local Improvement Act, Village Act and School Assessment Ordinance, the Honorable Mr. Justice Beek has appointed Monday, the 23rd day of November, 1908, at Ten o'clock a.m., at the Court House in the City of Edmonton for the holding of a Court for confirmation of the returns made under the provisions of Section 91 of the Local Improvement Act in respect of the following Local Improvement Districts: Local Improvement District 28-M-4, 29-M-4, 30-M-4, 25-N-4, 26-N-4, 27-N-4, 28-N-4, 29-N-4, 30-N-4, 25-P-4, 27-P-4, 28-P-4, 29-P-4, 30-P-4, 25-S-4, 26-S-4, 27-S-4, 28-S-4, 29-S-4, 30-S-4, 25-T-4, 26-T-4, 27-T-4, 28-T-4, 29-T-4, 30-T-4, 25-A-5, 26-A-5, 27-A-5, 28-A-5, 29-A-5, 30-A-5, and Nos. 617, 620, 621 and 622.

And of Section 67 of the Village Act in respect of the following villages, viz.:

The Villages of Athabasca Landing and the Village of Millet. And of Section 19 of the School Assessment Ordinance in respect of the following School Districts, viz.: School District Nos. 382, 1438, 1204, 333, 222, 979, 1416, 938, 1074, 1457, 1456, 528, 231, 370, 1426, 978, 799, 1016, 1474, 1433, 737, 434, 371, 142, 521, 841, 1465, 937, 716, 537, 367, 900, 925, 719, 525, 571, 280, 298, 1009, 611, 663, 246, 1001, 1241, 478, 530, 350, 23, 212, 365, 324, 399, 452, 749, 774, 645, 622, 711, 24, 355, 386, 427, 416, 438, 817, 1443, 672, 509, 479, 475, 525, 369, 1029, 626, 322, 415, 459, 418, 384, 470, 429, 1500, 1358, 552, 529, 683, 508, 400, 450, 1319, 281, 1069, 415, 881, 301, 1444, 850, 1397, 29, R.C.P. 1, 2, R.C.P. 4, R.C.P. 6, R.C.P. 31, R.C.P. 42, R.C.P. 43, R.C.P. 47, R.C.P. 51.

Dated at Edmonton this 18th day of September, 1908.

JOHN STOCKS,
Deputy Minister of Public Works.

CITY FLOUR MILLS

When wanting your new sack of Flour ask for our : : : :

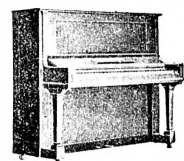
"WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour
Handled by all grocers and Flour dealers. Every sack guaranteed.

Campbell & Ottewill
EDMONTON, ALTA.

Music for Everybody

Mr. George H. Suckling, of the Alberta representative of the New York Sun, the following article with which he holds the grand opera season is a good instance of his work. The reference to the Saturday News readers by reason of the fact that a very charming actress, Miss Moore, recently essayed his execution in Edmonton and at points throughout Alberta where Mr. Harold Nelson produced "The Holy City." Says the Sun:



The superior musical qualities of the above named pianoforte need not be eulogized as they stand first in the musical world.

AMONGST the pianists specially offered at this sale are a number of instruments by commercial makers that are well advertised to the public. Interested purchasers will find it advantageous to their interest to call at the warehouse opposite the Thistle rink.

Geo. H. Suckling

ALBERTA REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NEW YORK SUN
NORTHWEST & STEWART BROS.
612 SECOND ST., EDMONTON

Namayo ave.

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FOR SALE. All classes of Heavy and Light Horses. Terms to suit on reasonable security.

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Encourage your own business street. Buy your Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps and Furnishings at

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Groceries, canned goods and provisions.

The finest line of Teas in the city.

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EDMONTON HOTELS

The Jasper House

Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton

\$1.50 per Day

L. A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

MUSIC AND DRAMA

There is no more slashing musical critic the continent over than the gentleman who acts in that capacity for the New York Sun. The following article with which he holds the grand opera season is a good instance of his work. The reference to the Saturday News readers by reason of the fact that a very charming actress, Miss Moore, recently essayed his execution in Edmonton and at points throughout Alberta where Mr. Harold Nelson produced "The Holy City." Says the Sun:

About this time of year, as the old alumnus used to say, look out for returning prima donnas. Two opera seasons are close upon us and the sea is disturbed by the value of the vocal freight which it bears up. All of these singers have views, and it is one of the dearest privileges to confide them to earnest reporters in order that they may be commended fully and faithfully to an awaiting public.

Mary Garden, who is one of the best tulle and singers, returned from Europe a few days ago. She declared that "Richard Strauss was the most modest man in the world, that his music was the most wonderful opera in the world, that Debussy's 'Pelléas et Mélisande' was the most marvellous music in the world, and that music of the kind written by Strauss and Debussy was going to conquer the world.

"In the face of this exalted and passionate prospectus issued in the evening words of a prima donna, it is saddening to note that the public interest continues to centre around the question of what Miss Garden will or will not wear in Saturday night. She will dance the dance of the seven veils she admits, and she confesses that she will dance it on her toes, a method long ago worn to a frazzle in the honorable service of the vandyke stage. Let Miss Garden usefully employ an hour in reading the 'Herodias' of Flaubert. Toes, forsooth!

"All eyes were fixed upon Salome, who paused in her rhythmic dance, placed her feet wider apart and without bending her knees suddenly swung her body downward so that her chin touched the floor; and her whole audience the nomads, accustomed to a life of privation and abstinence, the Roman soldiers, expert in debaucheries, the avaricious publicans and even the emboldened priests gazed upon her with dilated nostrils."

"And a few lines further on: 'Again the dancer paused, and then like a flash she threw herself upon the palms of her hands while her feet rose straight in the air. In this bizarre pose she moved about the floor like a gigantic beetle, then stood motionless.'"

"Why waste the days idly in learning to stand on the toes? An adoption of the dance of Flaubert will result in higher art and many more columns in the papers. Moreover, wonderful opera in the world, that Debussy's 'Pelléas et Mélisande' was the most marvellous music in the world, and that music of the kind written by Strauss and Debussy was going to conquer the world."

"In these happy times all that a great soprano needs is a simulacrum of a voice, a vast amount of real assurance, familiar acquaintance with a few kings or princes, a private stage manager to invent new business to be introduced into her parts at each re-appearance, physical charms always for untrammelled exhibition, and a lute-chord always on the outside for the enterprising reporters of the personal journals."

"For these prima donnas of the new school the music of Strauss and Debussy offers indeed the privileges of glory gained without struggle, gift for gift, to interpret it is not necessary to sing at all. We have at last come to the era of songs without voices."

"SWEET LAVENDER"

An amateur play is always a striking success, if we are to believe the dramatic critic of the local paper. I never read a description of a play and that production which the ambitious Thespian of a particular community have ventured upon without wondering what it was really like. Having served a somewhat lengthy apprenticeship in this field of journalistic endeavor, I know how difficult it is to convey to a number of the staff to whom such an assignment is made to tell the truth or even to bear the semblance of doing so. It is all very well to say that Miss Blank showed the talent which "we have known all along she possessed." Miss Blank is pleased and your conscience is satisfied because the meaning which you gave the words in your inner consciousness is not that which you assumed, correctly, she would take from them. But when you have to describe the performance of each member of the cast, the possible quibbles come to an end.

What prompts these remarks is the fact that we have had during the past week an amateur performance in Edmonton and the task of commenting upon it has put me in a reminiscent vein, not because my experiences in connection with "Sweet Lavender" have been the same as those to which I have referred, but because in Edmonton I find conditions exactly the reverse of what they are in this part of the continent, where I spent the earlier portion of my newspaper life. Here it is the average professional production that involves a strain on the conscience, while to the amateur once, in nearly every instance, apply the highest standards of dramatic criticism and yet say warmly and this is the best of the same time praise-worthiness and true.

The fame of Edmonton amateurs has for several years been thoroughly established. The production of "Mr. Bob" a year ago was witnessed by an audience who was accustomed to the best that the theatre had to offer and whose interest in dramatic matters was so great that he had made it a point to be present at the competition held at Ottawa on the initiative of Earl Grey some months before. He witnessed at a man who was in the habit of saying what he did not mean and the opinion which he gave after seeing "Mr. Bob" was that if the members of the Edmonton organization travelled to the Dominion capital they could carry everything before them.

Last week's offering "Sweet Lavender" was given under the same auspices as "Mr. Bob," that of Beaver House chapter of the Daughters of the Empire and fully maintained the high standard that was set on the previous occasion. The play itself, to my mind, the most delightful that I have written. It has all the cleverness of his later productions, without that suggestion of nastiness, which must always mar the others with a very large section of theatre-goers.

The other roles were in the hands of Mrs. J. D. Hyndman, who had the general stage direction in charge as well. To her more than anyone else the success of the venture is due and the warm congratulations which have been extended to her are thoroughly deserved. "Sweet Lavender" is very far from an easy part. In fact anyone who was not possessed of native-born talent would make it ridiculous. The same remark applies to that of Dick Phenyl. But Mrs. Hyndman was in all respects the charming, unaffected girl that the playwright intended, while Mr. Nash's conception of the fine points of the complex character of Dick was that of a man who has the possibilities of a really great actor.

The other roles were in the hands of Miss Violet Williams, a graceful and spirited Minnie Gilliam; Miss Forsyth, as Mrs. Gilliam, secured a most striking success, and it would be difficult to imagine how anyone else could have made more of the part; while motherly devotion was admirably typified by Miss Hughes, as Ruth Rolt.

Of the male members of the cast, the burden of the work of the cast fell upon Mr. Nash. But from the others the very best of support was received. Mr. J. J. Anier, Bill's Horace Bream was one of the triumphs of the evening. He was the warm-hearted, self-assured young American, the one Mr. Barford's Clement Hale was a very thorough yet natural bit of work. Mr. H. Williams as Bulger, the hair-dresser, gave evidence of not a little genuine ability as a comedian. Mr. Tighe as the kindly doctor, Mr. Gibbs as Wedderburn, the banker, and Mr. Robinson, as Mr. Maw, the solicitor, each gave a good account of himself. The play throughout was characterized by the most careful preparation and fully warranted the enthusiastic reception which was accorded it. It was a credit to the city and we all hope we shall see its like again, on many future occasions.

PERSONALIA

The death of Hon. J. H. Agnew, provincial treasurer of Manitoba, is the third that has occurred in the ranks of the cabinet since Mr. Roblin assumed the Premiership. All those who have been cut down have been men in the prime of life, the other two being Hon. J. A. Davidson, Mr. Agnew's predecessor as treasurer and Hon. S. W. Melnis, brother of Dr. Melnis of Edmonton. Mr. Agnew was in his sixth year when he succumbed to an attack of appendicitis.

The announcement of the resignation of Dr. A. M. McDonald as pastor of the First Baptist church, which was communicated to the congregation on Sunday evening, though not unexpected, will occasion much regret. Mr. McDonald, though still a young man, has seen great changes in the status of the church over which he has presided since assuming the pastorate seven years ago. Outside of the congregation, though still a young man, has seen great changes in the status of the church over which he has presided since assuming the pastorate seven years ago. Outside of the congregation, though still a young man, has seen great changes in the status of the church over which he has presided since assuming the pastorate seven years ago.

Mr. D. D. Mann, vice-president of the C.N.R. paid a visit of inspection to Edmonton on Monday and Tuesday.

The Vancouver Saturday Sun has the following: "The passing of

Hon. Thomas Greenway recalls to mind a pretty story of that rugged statesman which was related to me by my father more than twenty years ago and although the lapse of time has obscured some of the details, I being only a youth at the time, the essential features still remain fixed in my mind. It is the sort of story which should not be allowed to be forgotten. Mr. Greenway, it seems, engaged in the general business in Huron County in place, now known as Centralia. In order to get capital his note was "backed" in his brother, who owned a fine farm in the neighborhood. The business did not prosper and Greenway became insolvent. He lost his all and his brother lost his farm. As often happens, bitterness arose between the two men and for several years thereafter his brother refused to communicate with him. However, Mr. Greenway came to Manitoba and prospered in the grocery business and after some years returned East to visit his brother, who meanwhile had been living in humble circumstances. Big Tom drove around to his brother's home to take a drive with him. I do not know what the talk was as they drove over the old familiar white gravel roads of Huron on that beautiful summer evening. At any rate, he drove to the old farm, where Greenway got out and opened the gate. They drove up the lane and got out at the small gate, through which they passed up the path beneath the old orchard trees and sat down on the veranda. By this time I doubt the brother had in a measure forgotten his bitterness, but whatever may have remained was quickly dispelled, for Manitoba's future Premier produced and gave him a title deed free of all encumbrance to the farm, well stocked and found in every way."

The death is announced at Ottawa of an official who made frequent trips to the west and had many friends in this part of the Dominion. Dr. James Fletcher, entomologist and botanist of the experimental farms branch, Dr. Fletcher was one of the best known officials of the Dominion government and had been connected with experimental farms ever since their inception. He was an Englishman by birth, and before he entered the government service was connected with the Bank of British North America.

A movement is on foot among Winnipeg business men to have Mr. A. L. Johnson run for the mayoralty in that city. Mr. Johnson is well-known throughout Alberta, having travelled throughout the province periodically for nearly a century of a century back. He is the Western manager of the Ames-Holden Co.

The Methodist church of Moose Jaw has extended a call to Rev. S. E. Marshall of Berlin, who is a brother of the pastor of McLaughlin church, Edmonton. Mr. Marshall will accept.

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Before leaving Lacombe for his next post at Prince Rupert, Mr. E. S. Strathly, manager of the Union Trusts, will be the guest at a complimentary banquet, tendered by the citizens, in the course of which he was presented with a gold-headed cane. Mr. Strathly has been an exceptionally public-spirited citizen of Alberta and his departure will be generally regretted. It leaves a vacancy on the Senate of the Provincial University.

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Before leaving Lacombe for his next post at Prince Rupert, Mr. E. S. Strathly, manager of the Union Trusts, will be the guest at a complimentary banquet, tendered by the citizens, in the course of which he was presented with a gold-headed cane. Mr. Strathly has been an exceptionally public-spirited citizen of Alberta and his departure will be generally regretted. It leaves a vacancy on the Senate of the Provincial University.

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sold by all grocer's in 1 lb. and 1 lb. packages
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I have been intensely interested in the reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill which have been appearing in the Century Magazine for some months past, to be published later in book form. To the lot of how few who were able to appreciate them have such a range of interesting experiences fallen. Lady Randolph tells so much that is good that if one starts reproducing from her articles there is no telling where the end will be, but there was one delightful passage in particular that I must give you. It deals with that strange man of genius, Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Lady Randolph invited Mr. Shaw to a luncheon party. He replied: "Certainly not; what have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?"

To which I answered: "I know nothing of your habits; I know they are not as bad as your manners."

I thought the matter would rest there, but to my telegram came the following letter:

"The reasonable; what can I do? If I refuse an invitation in conventional terms, I am understood as repudiating the acquaintance of my hostess. If I make the usual excuse and convince her that I am desolated by some other engagement, she will ask me again. And when I have excused myself six times running, she will conclude that I personally dislike her. Of course there is the alternative of accepting; but then I shall endure acute discomfort and starvation. I won't have the pleasure of really meeting her and talking to her any more if we happened to lunch at the Savoy on the same day by chance. I shall get no lunch because I do not eat the unfortunate dead animals and things which she has to provide for other people. Of those other people, half will abuse the occasion to ask me to luncheon and dinners, and the other half, having already spread that net for me in vain, will be offended because I have done for you what I should do for them. I shall have to dress myself carefully and behave properly, both of which are contrary to my nature. Therefore, I am compelled to do the simple thing and when you say: 'Come to lunch,' reply flatly 'I won't.' If you propose anything pleasant to me, I shall reply with equal flatness 'I will.' But luncheon with a lot of people—carnivorous people—is not pleasant. Besides, it cuts down my morning's work. I won't lunch with you; I won't dine with you; I won't call on you; I won't take the smallest part in your social routine; and I won't ever know you except on the most special and privileged terms, to the utter exclusion of that 'lot of other people' whose appetites you offered me as a bribe. Only, if I can be of any real service at any time, that is what I exist for; so you may command me. To which you will no doubt reply: 'Thank you for nothing; you will probably say the same to anybody.' So I would not it is a great concession to write it at such length to a lady who has bludgeoned me with an invitation to lunch. So there it is."

How many of us there are who have wished on occasion we could speak and act with the directness of Mr. Shaw. But how many really would if we could? There is no doubt that much unnecessary inconvenience and even suffering is caused by too strict a regard for the conventions. Yet if we all imitated Mr. Shaw's general attitude to life, it would be a strange world. Man's life can never be "of itself, a thing apart."

The newspapers announced the other day the death of a woman who occupied a very unique place in the social life of New York. For a long while, Mrs. William Astor. The New York Sun devotes a special editorial to her career, which, I think, is not without interest to people who are a good many minutes away from Broadway. Says the Sun under the heading "A Ruler of Society:"

"It does not seem likely that New York will ever have a successor to the late Mrs. Astor as a social leader in the sense that distinguished the last twenty years of her life. Since she assumed that post there have been many changes in the empire over which she held amiable sway. In New York 'society' has become too large an army of pleasure to be ruled by any single commander."

"It was a peculiarity of Mrs. Astor's position that she stood as it were above the leaders of the various sets into which society as it has grown larger has inevitably broken up. These are largely topographical in origin, but whether the aristocrat native to Long Island, Westchester or the banks of the Hudson, they paid common deference to the woman who had gradually come to represent the nearest to what in America could be called a social ruler. In other countries women may hold such a place by virtue of a title that puts them ahead of their sisters, whatever their natural

qualifications. For such distinction may be. Here there must be certain inherent qualifications. Mrs. Astor had established herself so firmly that 'society' has practically been united only in her drawing rooms during the last few years of her life. Through the force of her personality the disjecta membra of the older organization were again drawn together and at intervals once more combined in an unyielding and unimpassioned whole as they were nowhere else and probably never will be again."

"It is doubtful if any reasonable woman aspires to the place left vacant by her death. The smaller actions and sets are nowadays sufficiently self-contained and interesting to themselves. Present day hostesses have less comprehensive ambitions. They are content to interest the smaller number of their friends and to shine in a special circle. 'Society' has a dozen leaders satisfied with their satrapal honors, and none to desire to provide the homage of the large and varied congregation which Mrs. Astor gathered about her and in a measure created. She would probably never have a successor even if the same combination of circumstances and personal qualities should again unite in one woman. It is also certain that 'society' as it exists today would never be satisfied with a ruler who found her pleasures in the conservative entertainment that Mrs. Astor considered appropriate for her guests. Conditions and standards of 'smartness' have changed."

HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Italy.
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and con-
— A Stander-By

Miss Agnes Laut, the distinguished authoress, who left Edmonton during the summer in company with Miss Gertrude Simpson, grand-daughter of the late Sir George Simpson, governor of Hudson's Bay Co., for a trip down the Saskatchewan to Winnipeg recently gave an address before the Winnipeg Canadian Club on her experiences.

In a twenty-foot canoe they carried three tents, their camp kit and provisions. As they approached a dangerous place in the river they picked up second guide from the Hudson Bay posts, dropping him again as smooth water was reached and requiring another when necessary. The two ladies wielded their paddles every inch of the way and oftentimes were left alone to steer the canoe while the guides tumbled from the banks, where some eddies were met. At night their camp was pitched beside the river, sometimes on high rocky or clay banks sometimes on pure muskegs. Stops were made at Hudson Bay trading posts, where riding trips were made into the heart of the Indian territories.

Miss Laut speaks very highly of the noble redman, where he has not received "the white man's contaminating influence." She brought back some very handsome and unique specimens of silk work on doek and buckskin done by these Indians. There, far from the busy haunts of men, the devoted missionaries are doing a grand work, while living arduous and often sorrowful lives. The sight of white women on the river aroused interest in all, and Miss Laut says she will never forget the hospitality she met with.

A two-days' halt was made and camp erected on the historic site of old Fort Pitt, established a century and a half ago and of which practically nothing remains. Thus our historic landmarks are allowed to disappear.

During this trip the party was bothered considerably by the huskie dogs, which are turned loose in summer. These animals, which are very valuable in the north, become so savage that they hunt the trading posts and steal everything within reach. A close watch has to be kept on camp, else they pilfer everything.

Miss Laut's impressions of the country she passed through will soon be made public.

The papers are telling of the proposed grandeur and splendor which are to mark the nuptials of Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, second son of Lord Lansdowne, and Lady Violet Elliot, youngest daughter of the Viceroy of India, whose Canadian friends are sorely realizing that the fair little maiden has made her debut and such a fine match in what seems so short a time. January will witness the wedding. The friends of the bride are to be the nuptials of Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, second son of Lord Lansdowne, and Lady Violet Elliot, youngest daughter of the Viceroy of India, whose Canadian friends are sorely realizing that the fair little maiden has made her debut and such a fine match in what seems so short a time. January will witness the wedding. 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